As bombast and as lyning to the time:
But more deuout then this our respectes,
Haue we not been, and therefore met your Loues,
In their owne fashyon like a merriment.
*Dum.* Our letters madame, shewed much more then iest.
*Long.* So did our lookes.
*Rosa.* We did not cote them so.
*King.* Now at the latest minute of the houre,
Graunt vs your loues.
*Quee.* A time me thinkes too short,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in:
No no my Lord, your Grace is periurde much,
Full of deare guiltines, and therefore this,
If for my Loue (as there is no such cause)
You will do ought, this shall you do for me:
Your oth I will not trust, but goe with speede
To some forlorne and naked Hermytage,
Remote from all the pleasurs of the world:
There stay vntill the twelue Celestiall Signes
Haue brought about the annuall reckoning.
If this Austere insociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood.
If frostes and fastes, hard lodging, and thin weedes,
Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Loue:
But that it beare this tryall, and last Loue,
Then at the expiration of the yeere,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these desertes:
And by this Virgin palme now kissing thine,
I wilbe thine: and till that instance shutt
My wofull selfe vp in a mourning house,
Rayning the teares of lamentation,
For the remembraunce of my Fathers death.
If this thou do deny, let our handes part,
Neither intiled in the others hart.
*King.* If this, or more then this, I would denie,
To flatter vp these powers of mine with rest,
The sodaine hand of death close vp mine eye,
Hence herrite then my hart, is in thy brest,





*Berow.* And what to me my Loue? and what to me?
*Rosal.* You must be purged to, your sinnes are rackt.
You are attaint with faultes and periurie:
Therefore if you my fauour meane to get,
A twelue month shall you spende and neuer rest,
But seeke the weery beddes of people sicke.
*Duma.* But what to me my Loue? but what to me?
*Kath.* A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie,
With three folde loue I wish you all these three.
*Duma.* O shall I say, I thanke you gentle Wife?
*Kath.* Not so my Lord, a twelue month and a day,
Ile marke no wordes that smothfast wooers say,
Come when the King doth to my Lady come:
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you some.
*Duma.* Ile serue thee true and faythfully till then.
*Kath.* Yet sweare not, least ye be forsworne agen.
*Longauill.* What saies *Maria*?
*Mari.* At the twelue months ende,
Ile change my blacke Gowne for a faithfull frend.
*Long.* Ile stay with patience, but the time is long.
*Mari.* The liker you, few taller are so young.
*Berow.* Studdies my Ladie? Mistres looke on me,
Beholde the window of my hart, mine eye:
What humble suite attendes thy answere there,
Impose some seruice on me for thy Loue.
*Rosa.* Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,
Before I saw you: and the worldes large tongue
Proclaymes you for a man repleat with mockes,
Full of comparisons and wounding floutes:
Which you on all estetes will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your wit:
To weede this wormewood from your fructfull braine,
And therewithall to winne me, yf you please,
Without the which I am not to be won:
You shall this twelue month terme from day to day,
Visite the speachlesse sicke, and still conuerse,
With groning wretches: and your taske shall be,
With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.3.74) Octavo